

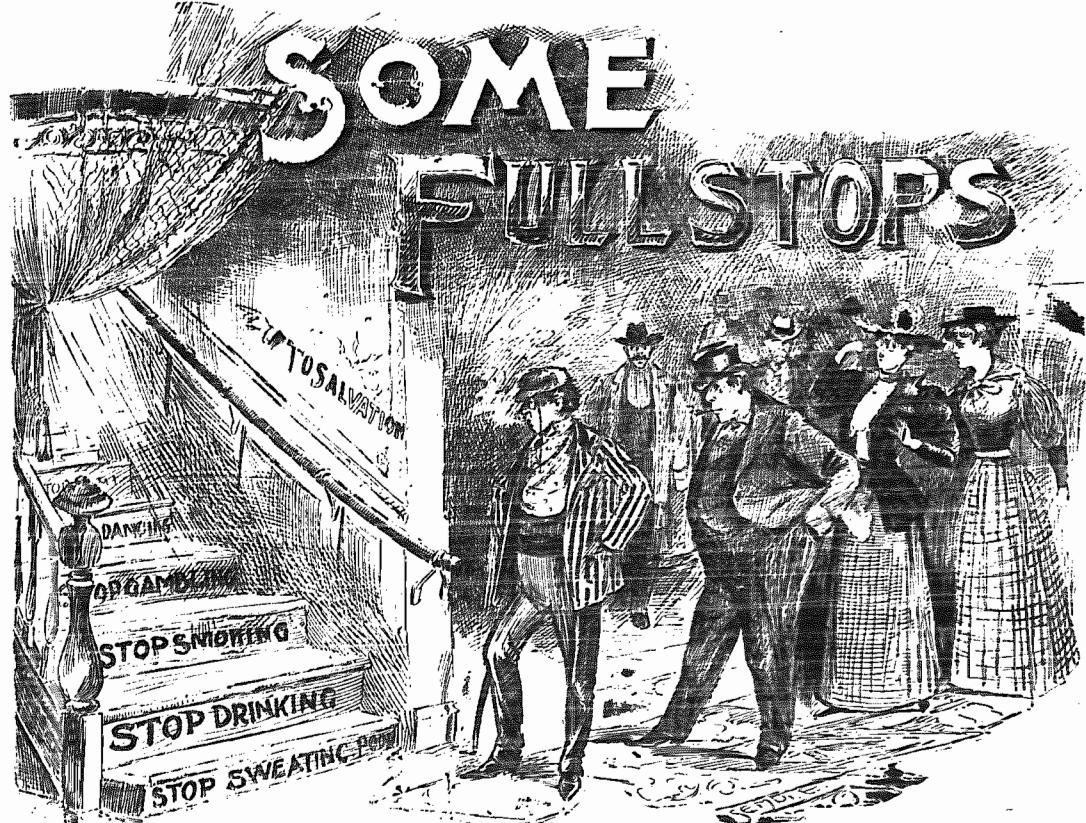
Read 1st Chapter of "Scotch Bob" IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

Our War Cry Representative Down East WATCH COMING CATS.

# WAR CRY



VOL. XL. NO. 41. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 13, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



**HESITATING SOULS AND WHAT THEY WANT.**

**FIRST, A REPENTANT SPIRIT, THEN AN OBEDIENT HEART.**



HERE are many of them, too many for us to detail. Everybody hasn't the same to confront them, but in every slumberer's case there is some burlier, some hindrance, some full-stop, which they look at and ponder over, and sometimes palliate, but which in the great majority of cases, is allowed to remain, and how often it becomes

never-ending, dark, sorrowful eternity.

The poor drunkard, though no bigger a sinner than the rest, will blindly allow himself to be ruined, body and soul, through the cursed drink. He may try and try again to conquer the habit, but he generally fails. Why? Because he seeks help from within, and it cannot be had. Bless God, as soon as he is willing to quit his sins and climb the stairs of repentance, he will find the loving arms of his Saviour put round him, and all his evil desires shall be taken

away. So with the other hesitating and procrastinating souls. Little use for them to start for God unless in their inmost heart they are willing and determined to denounce their idols for ever. How little is REAL repentance understood! There are thousands, yea, I believe, millions, who boast that they confess their sins to God every night, and ask forgiveness, and yet

to find mere regret with repentance. There is no repentance without a profound longing to eternally separate yourself from the hated thing. This is beautifully set forth by Christ Himself in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Not only was the prodigal sorry for his past, but he LEFT AT ONCE the old associates and came home mourning.

As soon as these souls are willing to separate themselves from what now hinders them reaching the high level of "Salvation" the path becomes easy.

HAVE YOU ANY HINDRANCES?

**The Very Bridge**  
over which they are borne to a

**Remaining Strangers**

to the pardoning love of God. You ask why? Simply because they con-

**Then Agrippa Said unto Paul, Almost Thou Persuadest Me to be a Christian.**

Advertiser

# The War Cry

## Witness Box.



**Bro. Nicholas Davis, of Hamilton, Speaks.**

I HAVE been asking my God to give me something to say through our S. A. Gazette that would be a blessing to some one, and can say, first of all, I love Jesus with all my heart, and am living to do His will in all things. If I did not have that kind of religion I would go down on my knees just now and plead with God to give just such sacrificing grace as that, but thank God I am His to fight, or even die, if needs be, for the Christ that has shed His precious blood for me on the cruel cross. I would say to all who have taken upon themselves the name of Jesus, and have avowed their determination to stick to and fight for God in the Salvation Army—remember, it means being misrepresented, misunderstood, and plenty of persecution; but if you will only take your eyes and mind off these things and centre them on Christ and His suffering for you, and ask God to help you, they will all vanish and God will give you a conquering experience. Hallelujah.

**NICHOLAS DAVIS,**  
48 Ferguson Ave., South.

### The Great Salvation Army.

BY BANDSMAN NICHOLAS DAVIS.

Tune—"Captain Jinks."



I'm a soldier in the Salvation ranks,  
Some people say we are a lot of  
cranks,  
But we are content to give God  
thanks,  
For the great Salvation Army.  
The devil he does often try, does  
often try,  
Does often try, the devil he doth  
often try  
To get me out of the Army.

Chorus.

I'm a soldier in the Salvation ranks,  
I have learned in all things to give  
thanks,  
Yes! even when I am called a crank,  
In the great Salvation Army.

They may call me what they like  
below,  
So long as I am full of Salvation go,  
To win the world for God, you know,  
And the great Salvation Army.  
To thrash the devil is my delight, is  
my delight, is my delight,  
To thrash the devil is my delight,  
Since I got saved in the Army.

# THE NANAIMO BRASS BAND.



A. D. Ron.  
G. Hall.

Bandmaster Duggan. A. Cowie. Ernest Diamond. J. Slack  
R. Tessale. Capt. Patten. Wm. B. ne. C. Barrell  
R. Duggan. Wm. B. ne. D. M. Kirgan.

### That "Useful Weed."

So to sin and the devil I have said  
farewell,  
You cannot drag me down to hell,  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
In Heaven's Salvation Army;  
So the devil need no more to try,  
No more to try, no more to try,  
So the devil need no more to try,  
To get me out of the Army.

Come, all you lads and lasses brave,  
Unto our Jesus and get saved,  
And let your joyful hearts give praise  
To the God of the Salvation Army;  
Don't let that awful not-to-night,  
Not-to-night, not-to-night!  
Don't let that awful not-to-night,  
Escape your lips in the Army.

### Are You Bitten?

NEAR NEWBURG, N.Y., a mad dog created intense excitement. It ran through the streets snapping and snarling at everyone it met. People scattered right and left. The creature finally rushed foaming into the woods and vanished, ending the search party organized to despatch him.

Would to God the world in general was AS TERRIFIED AT

#### THE VIRULENT BAVAGES

OF THE ARCH-ENEMY going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Yet the insidious poison of sin is far more to be dreaded than hydrophobia, far more ghastly in its result.

Poor, stricken sinner, with the deadly venom purpling your veins, would you have that cruel, gripping wound cauterized? Then come to the Divine Physician. His blood only can put new life within you.

A GRAND ARMY man bought 16 War Crys in one meeting and distributed them among the congregation.

A SPOKANE SALOONIST once told the Captain he would buy a hundred War Crys if the Army held an open-air meeting in front of his place. The open-air was held in the locality requested. Into the rig stepped Mr. Saloonist with his \$5 gold piece and demanded the Crys. The Captain rushed a messenger to the barracks for the noble 100 and gave them to the man.

IN VINELAND, N.J., the devil upset some earnest revival services by a simple, little device. He set the people sneezing. Several packages of powder came in through an open window. The dignified deacons on the front seat began to sneeze. A worthy and leading lady began to cough. The choir started to take up the song, but the organist was obliged to

#### PAUSE TO SNEEZE.

The pastor looked surprised, and gave out the second verse, but he, too, stopped, sputtering and coughing. Everybody in a few minutes was sneezing violently. The service was hopelessly abandoned. The packages contained snuff.

BEWARE OF THE DEVIL'S SNUFF. You don't always see it come in thro' the open windows in paper parcels, but it will soon upset the service for you, and your whole peace with God.

### An Infernal Traffic

THE AWFUL EVIL of the slavery of white female children to Chinamen, which has long been suspected by the authorities, is being investigated by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. There is every indication that degraded mothers near Mott and Bell streets, N. Y., sell their children. The traffic is organized, with an old woman at the head, whose duties are those of a go-between. Alas for the ghastly evil in the world that are

#### "LONG STARVED."

and left at that, left, whilst FESTERING HORRORS SHRIEK TO HEAVEN AND EARTH for an eye to pity and a hand to save.

Alas, for the world-worshipping mothers who sell their daughters to the god of mammon, betraying them, in their innocence—Judas-like—with a kiss!

The Salvation Army is the only Church in the world which compels abstinence from rum, and, therefore, the only church that does not knock down more or less to the rum oligarchy.—The True Reform

### Holiness Psalmody.

Tune—"Now the chains of sin are broken."

Holy Spirit, God of Fire,  
Come just now, just now;  
Fill my soul with great desire,  
Just now, just now.

Chorus.

Hallelujah, hallelujah! I look for His power,  
I'm believing and receiving, this very hour.

Come revealing, come destroying  
All the wrong in my soul,  
Perfect love and peace bestowing,  
Come and make me fully whole.

For Thy service, oh, baptize me,  
With the blood and the fire;  
With Thy Spirit anoint me,  
Tis my heart's sole desire.

CAPT. SIMS, Sea.

(o)—(o)—(o)

Tunes—With panting heart that  
dares to seek, "B.J." 6; Beulah  
Land, "B.Z." 169.

Upon God's promise I have stepped,  
By His great power my life is kept;  
On foaming wave or rippling sea  
His grace abundant is for me.

Chorus.

Christ is mine! Christ is mine!  
His face upon my way doth shine,  
His power is all I need to go  
Through every conflict, trial, woe;  
Christ is mine! Christ is mine!  
His face upon my way doth shine.

Sometimes the gloomy things about  
Would tempt my trusting soul to  
doubt;

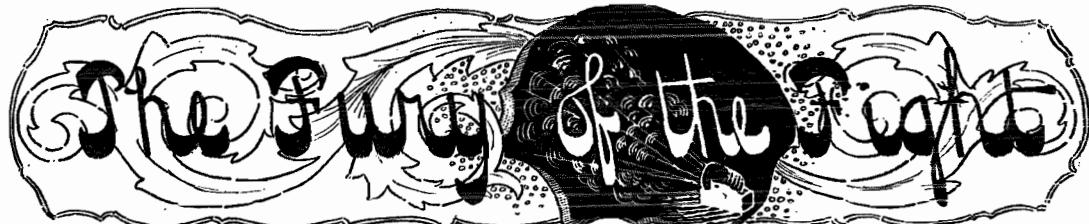
By faith I look about and see  
That Jesus stands and smiles on me.

The tempter oft would enter in,  
And plead a compromise with me;  
But I can only victory find  
By living pure in act and mind.

The fading things of time and sense  
I must forsake when I go hence;  
When death's dark tide my feet shall

leave,  
Then none but Jesus Christ can save.

CAPT. W. RITCHIE, Toronto.



## CONQUESTS ON THE FIELD

ATHENS.—On Sunday night ONE SOUL plunged in the fountain and was brought from Satan's bondage into the liberty of God. Hallelujah! We mean no surrender.—Cadet May Ward for Capt. Stata.

BAYFIELD.—A beautiful little place for the S. A. We have had a visit from the Naval Brigade and Lassies' Band. Both did good service and had good crowds. But the Lassies came out number one (of course they always do). A few souls have been saved of late, which keeps us in good spirits.—Annie Barber, Captain.

MONTREAL.—Sunday afternoon the meeting was led by Staff McMillan and Ensign Hay. The Sergeant-Major's baby was brought to the Lord for life. The meeting was a success, especially for God was with us in power. Night meeting well attended, although no souls were saved. Monday night the meeting was led by Ensign McDonald. The subject, "Kirtley's White Robes," illustrated by seven large pictures, was a blessed time. It showed the different stages of a soul in sin, till it came to the cross.—W. G. S. C.

NORTH SYDNEY.—In spite of the warm weather we have good crowds and stirring meetings. Friday night, splendid holiness meeting. TWO WANDERERS came home. ONE DISTRICT came to the cross Sunday. Talent Scheme working well. Soldiers, lay us over. Many people getting interested in it. A Soldier.

LINLITHGOW, N.S.—God is pouring out His Spirit upon us. Crowds at open-air, and inside, interest good; a number have raised their hands for power, a few have professed salvation. Sunday last was a memorable day. FIVE souls came to the Goal. We take courage and fight on.—Lanenburger.

BOTHWELL.—Just built new quarters at back of barracks. Visit from Ensign Ogilvie and other officers. Ice cream social Town band gave free music. Very warm-hearted lot of men. Offered services to attract crowd. Successful meeting. Captain Wainwistle, God's Spirit.

Faithful band of soldiers here. Have held on for two years without officers, led by Sergeant-Major Smith. Next day at a school house. People not used to female ministry. Ensign Ogilvie spoke very powerfully. Raised \$23 for lumber. Much enthusiasm.—Capt. Rutledge, Lt. Pynn.

WYOMING.—Although the devil is using many ways of hindering the work in this place, yet God is on our side. Hallelujah! TWO SOULS since last report.—McJuncy.

ST. JOHN, III.—Everything looks beautiful at present. ONE SOUL Friday night. The next Saturday afternoon, A BACKSLIDER returned to God after six years' wandering in sin, came and knelt at the cross. Oh, for a harvest of souls. God's Spirit is working in the right way.—J. R. McPherson, Ltent.

BRACEBIDGE DISTRICT.—We have just formed a troupe consisting of Ensign Savage, Capt. Smith, Cadet Fisher and your humble servant. The purpose of our trip was to call at a number of places where they very seldom see or hear the Army. NOVAIS was the first. Rev. Mr. Housman was the first, enough to lead him to his church; then he commenced our meeting from his pulpit. He even went to the trouble of writing out notices and putting them up in the postoffice and stores. We had a good meeting. People came from all parts surrounding. Our next stopping place was BURKE'S FALLS, a nice business place. We didn't have a hall or church to go to, so our only chance was the open-air. Some four hundred

people congregated. Resulted, a nice collection and a good influence produced. A great many were anxious enquiring if we had come to open up a corps. The people seemed to be anxious to have one. SUNDRIDGE is a beautiful little place. The people here are quiet. Enthusiastically believe and endorse our manner of doing it. The Orange hall was secured for the occasion. Full house and a blessed time. Next day 21 miles of a drive brings us to EMDALE. Rev. Mr. Elliott was kind enough to anoint our open-air and get a hand. Hallelujah! The hand was palpable. Rev. Mr. Housman sang a solo and Rev. Mr. Elliott led the testimony meeting. The district is keeping on the move. Ensign Mrs. Savage, also Baby Freda, are all keeping well.—W. B., for Ensign A. S.

SUSSEX.—God is keeping His soldiers fighting and also helping them to win. ONE SOUL last Sunday. Others ought to have come, but the not-to-night devil kept them back.—Penney and Stacey.

PERTH.—We had a time of the Son of Man on Sunday; afternoon, a good meeting. A man held up his hands for prayer. At night we had it in the superiative, wonderful conviction. TWO BACKSLIDERS wanting to be prayed for, requested us to do so.—W. M. Terrell and A. A. K.

PALMERSTON, P. Q.—Got nicely to work at Palmerston. Believing to see a grand victory for God. The enemy will be defeated and God glorified.—Capt. F. McLean.

HOLLINGHEAD.—We had a grand time at the dedication of Sergeant Hollinghead's new barn last Sunday. The Petrolia, Glou Rae and Wyoming corps closed down for the day. We had good crowds all day. In the holiness meeting quite a number testified to the blessing of sanctification, and Mrs. Ensign Miller spoke with power. Ltent. Moulton, from Parkhill, was dancing bopper. We commenced the afternoon meeting on our knees and in our faith strength, which we had a real Holy Ghost time. In the evening Sergt. Dugay, the hallelujah preacher, said that the day he got saved he and his wife walked fifteen miles on purpose to get saved, and the Lord had kept them both for nearly forty-two years. Wound up with a red-hot prayer meeting. Lots of conviction, but no souls. Bro. Craig for Ensign Miller.

ANNAPOLIS.—The War Cry is all the go in Annapolis. The soldiers and local officers are marking things high in the War Cry line.—One Who Is At It.

DILDO, Nfld.—A change from Old Perlican to Dildo, from Land's End to the bottom of the bay. Hallelujah! This week we have had THREE at the cross for salvation and FIFTEEN for holiness. Hallelujah!—Capt. L. England, Ltent. S. Hiscock.

DILDO.—On Sunday we went in with prayer and faith for souls. We were not disappointed, but had the joy of seeing FIVE rejoicing in a new found Savior. Monday night, we came marching in with one dear old lady returned to her Father's house—Sister Hiscock, Ltent.

GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.—FOUR PRECIOUS SOULS have sought and found Jesus, and, unlike the men of old, they have returned to give God glory. One young girl who gave her heart to God brought her mother with her to meeting and she, too, fell at Jesus' feet.—Lieut. Fraser, for Capt. Poole.

INGERSOLL.—Real grand times this week end, in spite of millers, heat and the devil. Saturday and Sunday Capt. G. MacKenzie with us. Monday we were blessed and inspired by a visit from Brig. Margetts and Capt. Crighton. Meeting beautiful. Mrs. Compte and wife are coming. We are looking forward in faith for a blessed, old-fashioned, soul-saving time.—Minnie Kennedy.

ST. JOHN I.—We are praying, and hope, ere long, to see many of the hating ones seek God. Monday night we had a service of song, and let creamy social, which all enjoyed. Tuesday night all the city corps united for a special meeting at No. V., Brig. Scott and Ensign Coombs in command. At the close of this meeting ONE BACKSLIDDEN BACKSLIDER sought to leave the joys of God's salvation returned to him.—Sister Mrs. Lane.

PORT PIERRE.—We are romancing the town, even the constable has got a move on. We are having open air in places where they have never been before, and are going in to whip the old devil all we possibly can. By the bye, last Sunday was the time for a free-and-easy. Every soldier, praise God, yes, and every officer, and some in the congregation, were filled with the power of the living God, and at close ONE five-year-old backslider

volunteered out, completely broken down. Hallelujah! Praying for more to follow.—Capt. Stainforth.

PREDMONTON.—Refraining times. Some continuing days. An spiritual feeling all day Sunday. Meeting led by Brigadier Scott, Ensign Coombs and Capt. Edwards. SEVEN for the blessing and TEN for salvation. Hallelujah! War Cry going with a boom. Soldiers rejoicing, some showing physical evidence of it. God shall have the glory.—W. H. Byers, Capt.

CARONEAR, Nfld.—Seventy miles over water, 83 on train, and four with horse and rig, brought us to our destination where we are going to do our best to bring the Canadian benevolences to Jesus. Very good meetings all day Sunday. Captain Clark, who has been here resting, said goodbye, and went to take charge of Hant's Harbour. ONE SOUL at the wind-up. TWO MORE on Monday night. The devil would have us to believe that the summer season is not for getting souls saved, but he's got left, and on we go to conquer.—Captain George P. Thompson.

CORNWALL.—Although you have just been from us for some time we have not been. Yesterday we had a good time. Soldiers turned out fine for the marcher, with that beautiful banner to the front our comrades are so proud of. Meetings good inside. While Captain was making the announcement, a gentleman stepped to the front and handed her \$1 bill. At night another followed his example. Capt. Toole farewelled last night for Ottawa. God bless our comrades there. Go in Bros. Cook and Cross, to fight the devil.—Trifaria.

CARONEAR.—Capt. Ensign Alward, causing a large number of soldiers on their way to Labrador to put on here, gave us, as Salvationists, a splendid chance to thrash the devil. It was Tuesday night, and soldiers' meeting announced. Nevertheless, when we saw the hungry crowd turned away, we soon decided to have a public meeting. Strapped drums, and away for a march around town, halting every now and then to announce our meeting. Glad to say before we got back to the barracks we had twelve outpost soldiers beside one town in sight and also a picked building. Capt. The moment we were here has been a week anxiously awaiting for the Salvationist to take him to his corps, felt proud to meet so many of his Caronear comrades. We believe the sternt morning will reveal results.—Cadet A. Norman.

### Notes from Prince Edward Island.



THE COMMANDANT AND STAFF AT KINGSTON.—The monster drum in the background.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—In spite of the warm weather we are getting on very well, crowds outside splendid, and inside very good. Three souls lately, all thoroughly in earnest. One lad, who was saved last Friday, packed his trunk in anticipation of being turned out of doors, his people not letting him into town. All day Sunday, however, was not taken place, and God is giving him much victory. Another of the converts came (under the influence of the Army) to the quarters to be prayed with, and two or three nights after the penitent form to be saved. On Sunday afternoons we hold our meetings in the park; large crowds come out from town. Ensign Alward was with us for a couple of nights last week. Had a good time, one soul, and the Sergt. Major's baby dedicated.

SUMMERSIDE is now under the command of Capt. and Mrs. Charlie Allen. The fight is hard, but Jesus lives to save us.

Poor old GEORGETOWN is coming to the front again. The officers report THREE SOULS.—Ensign Galt.

# CHILDHOOD'S VOICES!

— AND —

## "Some Women's Weary World."

MRS. BOOTH'S SPECIAL SPHERE—THREE INSTITUTIONS AFFORD REFUGE FOR THE ILL-FATED INNOCENTS—THE RESCUE HOME—WOMEN'S SHELTER—SLUM HOME.

### THE RESCUE HOME WITH ITS NURSERY.

"A foolish gift upon the heart is laid,  
Woman—I—power to suffer end to love,  
Therefore thou so caust pity."—Mrs. Hemans.

"LET NOT MY CHILD BE A GIRL,  
for very end is the life of a woman;  
So runs the mournful refrain of a prairie poem.

Here in the Rescue Home one trembles as one catches the same dull echo, beating with impotent monotone through chapter and chapter.

"SODDENLY—STORMY—sorrowed," sighed Adjutant H. H. "Tell you some?—but there are so many, I don't know where to begin!

The same old history over, and over, and over! And yet some of them are so beautiful in their sadness!"

THE FACTS in each one are soon told—they are short enough, but who can fill in the space between the lines? Who can sound the depths of anguish that penetrate the soul and

#### Turn to Stone the Tender Heart

of the girl when she wakes from her dream and finds herself betrayed—despised—FALLEN! An outcast, through the one to whom, with her trusting, confiding nature, she has abandoned herself in the whole devotion of her throbbing soul! With her limitless power of idealism casting a halo of hero-worship round some foul-hearted scoundrel, who leaves her with her innocence deceived, and lost forever!

One grows so weary with its eternal repetition.

—OXO—

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers their wither at the north wind's breath,  
And birds their nest—but all—  
They have all reason for their own, O Death."

IN THE BLUE AND GOLD COT, with its story of the indelible Violet, another little child was laid, a tiny, wony, trembler, adrift on the river of life, floating away on its quiet current into a breathless sleep.

Closed under the window, where every least stir of the summer breeze, blowing over the lake, could answer

#### The Faint Heaving of the Fluttering Chest

pushing up and down.

Oh, Death, with your stern, old face, WHY did you pinch those little features?—WHY should you dump that forehead, and glaze those pretty eyes? All you bring the reflection of your own sternnesslessness on the face of an infant of a year?

What incongruous mystery! A DYING CHILD!

"Poor baby!" repeated the Adjutant, as the twitching, wan fingers closed upon one of hers in mute helplessness. "Poor baby-boy, he has suffered all his little life. We thought he must have died long ago, but I'm very glad he stayed—her baby has been Ruth's salvation. HE helped me to keep track of her; her love for her suffering infant has held her to us; her sorrow has helped to make a new woman of Katie."

When first she came she was one of the most independent and high-spirited tempers I've ever dealt with. She was a girl who **WOULD NOT OBEY!** She came of a good family,

too. She had been well-educated, but I've seen her

#### Cry from Pure Passion

when I've talked to her. Now, by degrees, her love for her baby has entered her willful, stubborn spirit and brought her down to the Cross. Her passion is just as different now—so soft, and docile, and teachable.



"Something to love, to rest upon,  
To cleave affection's tendril round."

"What a long, tedious while it is before some people will let their proud, haughty wills be broken by the Lord!" added the Adjutant.

—OXO—

"Then mate and broken-hearted  
T'is cold comfort of the grave departed."

"THIS," continued our guide, moving to another of the dozen cradles, this is Bertha's child. I shall never forget her—her sorrow. She was her mother's cherishing daughter, her mother's right hand, in a home of comfort and peace.

"It was the usual tale.

"She was cugaged to be married, but the man deceived and left her."

When the awful truth burst in all its terror upon her, the wronged girl felt she could never endure to face the shame and disgrace she must bring upon her friends. So she slipped away unknown, to the strange city, away from the place where her innocent childhood had passed, away from those who had nurtured and shielded her, away to brave alone a contemptuous world.

#### Haunted with Her Shame.

IN TORONTO she found a situation. In vain her people sought for her. For them there was no more sound or sign of poor, lost Bertha.



But the mother pined, and grieved, and faded away in the agony of uncertainty, whilst her gray-haired husband brooded with her.

Meanwhile, from the hospital, Bertha entered our home. Obstinate she refused to write her people. It would kill her mother to know, she said.

At last a letter reached her.

#### That Mother was Dead.

Died grieving, with never a parting word or a kiss of forgiveness for the erring child!

Oh, Bertha wept bitter tears upon that letter! Then

#### Her Desolate Old Father Pleaded

with her to come home to him. I thought it best she should return, and now he clings to her so he can scarcely let her a step from his sight. Such a nice girl, too, nothing flighty or frivolous about her, like some of them, who try to laugh it off.

"You good-for-nothing, you!" one of the others said, throwing the past up at her.

"Oh, DON'T tell me that!" she groaned. "I know it only too well."

And so they do. That's the difficulty. Some grow hard and bitter in their disappointment; one cannot bring them to take heart again. Hope has left them. One has to drag them out of a fathomless abyss of despair, with their base-born babies.

—OXO—

"What day you've ever closed without a tear?

"That's Bertha's trouble, and bad heat to wear

That which disgraces."

"What touched me strangely was the Christ-like spirit of the old girl who called with a girl. She seemed almost Uncertain in her sweet forgiveness and Divine pity. This girl had got into trouble through her husband. Somewhere outside Toronto they had met. He proved a villain, and the girl knew nothing that he was a married man. Deceived with his flattering words, she became wrapped up in him, and followed him to the city to look for work. He visited her at the house until her mistress suspected and dismissed her. Then if that villain—IT MAKES ONE'S BLOOD BOIL!—didn't take her to the house of his wife with a made-up story about having found a poor girl friendless and homeless, in the city. He married her, and she should stay and work with them. The gentle, Christian woman took her in, kept her, and assisted her, whilst her husband was playing her false.

"At last the truth broke in upon her. She faced him with it till he rose, with the devil in him, and smashed almost everything in the house.

"By this time the foolish young girl had become so infatuated, so com-



"After breakfast we let the tiny ones lie, and kick, and cry for a while."

pletely under his influence, that she cared for nothing and nobody. He hired a room and they passed as a married couple.

"At last her baby was born, and he left for Buffalo, sending her

#### A Cruel, Curt Letter,

telling her he could do nothing more for her now; she must shift for herself.

"That story is nothing new—the incredible part is that when his forsaken wife, left with a family to support, heard of the girl's condition, he sought her out, cared for her, and brought her to the Salvation Army Home, weeping over her like a playing angel. 'My poor girl!' she said.

—OXO—

"MARY was another. She was a really beautiful character, a case of devoted, worshipping innocence deceived under promise of marriage.

"Still another was close to her wedding-day, with her treasur all ready. The broken-hearted girl gave quite a few of her things to the home. A mother brought her own daughter, a little thing in her teens, in short skirts even. The poor child sobbed, and clung round her neck.

Till the mother asked us to kneel and pray. She could not keep her at home on account of her stepfather's wrath at the disgrace.

"Is it any wonder if we cannot rear some of these ill-starred offspring, born with eye-lid red through their young mother's weeping?"

—OXO—

"Still, it isn't all dark—there's a great deal of cheer about this work. A silver lining to the cloud.

The dear old boy, Joe, his mother is a bright Salvation soldier, and she now often. She exclaims, "Oh, what would have become of me if there had been no place where some one cared for my soul."

"To-day, too, I had a letter from the first rescue case I ever helped away in Victoria. She is doing beautifully, although for eight years she had been following the downward road."

—OXO—

So stands the Parkdale Rescue Home, by the lake side, among the plum trees and the apples, where the pure, beautiful girls move the

**Blooming Grasses, Snowed Over with Marguerites,** and ankle deep in ruddy clover. You can see it there by the railway, enshrouded deep amongst the rustling mountain ash trees and the maples where the birds still keep high hold.

—OXO—

But this is only one of SEVEN SIMILAR INSTITUTIONS in the Douglas area, where, during six months, over two hundred girls have been admitted and nearly fifty children in the nurseries attached. In addition, a hundred and fifty girls have had temporary assistance, and babies, too. Some have become soundly converted, some have gone to situations next to the hospital, and some, clothed and in their right mind, have been restored to their people.

THE MAJORITY of these inmates come personally seeking admission; others are brought by friends, where faith runs high in our system and principles. Some are received from the Police Court, the jail, the Mere, the streets, and from houses of shame. Once safely within our walls, they learn to work. But, most of all, they are pointed to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"Earth Has No Sorrow that Heaven Cannot Heal."



## Day Nursery and Women's Shelter.

"With softly pillow'd head  
I lie upon my bed;  
The sight is raw,  
I hear my sister slaves on her straw."

ONE SCARCELY KNOWS whether to laugh or cry with the bewhiskered child, who, uttering her mighty prayer, adds her own philosophy. "And, dearest Lord, this afternoon, I saw out upon the cold sidewalk a poor, little girl, and she'd no shoo of stockings on, and—and—a silence follows, as though the little mind were staggered with the immensity of the problem, when she concludes,)—"BUT IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS, IS IT, GOD?"

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?  
Is it nothing to you that your sister should sit?"

—Oxo—

It may have been fancy, but the gift letters did seem to shine out with a certain kindly, benevolent twinkle through the dark, rich green of the old chestnut trees that shade the large, three-story house into which the Shelter has recently been transferred.

HOME FOR WORKING WOMEN, with Mrs. Booth's design for A CRECHE, or day nursery, carried out into charming realization.

**Children Left Here will be Properly Cared for."**

So runs the printed notice.

Here are poor, forlorn soul can come, whatever her sin or sorrow, whatever the stress of circumstance that may have tossed her homeless, in earth's turmoil. Here—her weary spirit never

**Chilled with Contemptuous Criticism**

—she may find a shelter in the time of storm, and, to boot, for seven cents a clean, warm bed, or for three a bowl of good soup, a nice cup of tea, coffee, or coffee, with bread and butter. Here, with the unfeigned advantage of A WELL-SUPPLIED BATHROOM, she may free herself and her clothing from the dust of her trouble, some journey over life's tollsome road.

Then, rested and refreshed, the temporary needs supplied, comes the four-lour's "COME AND DINE;" then her softened heart is free to listen to the whisper, "LOVEST THOU ME?"

—Oxo—

IN THE SITTING-ROOM she may sit and sow, or read, or pour out all the bitterness of her poor, overcharged spirit in the confessional, confiding in the officers who will receive nothing but wholesome counsel, and the sympathy that tells the truth, though it wounds to heart—the sister sympathy that delights to minister, writing her letters, attending to a thousand and one little wants, and ever seeking, first and foremost, her soul's salvation.

Here in the large cupboard she can place her precious parcels—often all her earthly store, or confide her small hoard of savings contentedly into the Captain's hands.

"It is curious how much more at home our women feel if they have an cupboard where they can stow their goods. Some people would laugh at the things they count as treasures."



## THE CRECHE.

This was all in bright readiness for the children of the mothers who spend the day out at the wash-tub, or with the scrubbing-brush, but who would willingly leave them locked together, and keep them with them, than part with them in an institution. "Everything is arranged" explained Captain Barber, "exactly according to

**Mrs. Booth's Taste and Direction.**

She collected for almost everything. We consult and take council with her a great deal.

"She collected and chose all those pretty cradles—see."

Pretty, indeed. Wicker cradles, with rockers, and softly lined with rosey-red, singing the tiny white sheets and pillows for the unconscious, innocent heads to nestle, harbored safely for a little while, before they launch into the tempestuous ocean seething before them.

"Oh, the little ones," continued Captain Barber, "they come in crowds from all around, at night, just at dusk, when they are too tired with the heat of the day to play, to turn round the doorway, and we sit on the door-step and play to them in this comfortable room. Books got for us. We sing to them, and then join in the chorus, and suggest new ones, and the neighbors all down the street listen from the open doors and windows." The little things are deep in dust, with just as little clothing us as they can possibly do with, bare feet and tousled heads, no they turned up in the morning and played all day in the streets.

—Oxo—

A ROOM ESPECIALLY FOR MOTHERS WITH CHILDREN who avail themselves of the night's shelter is kept on purpose on the top of the newly-rented house, with its clear view across the trees and the roofs of St. John's Ward.

In the basement a small apartment is reserved for those who come under the influence of liquor, endorsing the big text,

**"The Drunkard May Come,"**

hanging above the iron beds, with the neat, blue coverlets, similar to the rows in the room above.

Since its opening, some thousands of beds have been supplied, and still more needed. The woman, ranging from twenty to seventy, and drinking, which is their great enemy, has aged many of them beyond their years. Some of them have been well connected, but the whisky has dragged them down. One has a son who is a clergyman in a military college; another is a minister's daughter; a third has a son in a collegiate institute; a fourth holds a teacher's certificate; and yet a fifth runs through \$1,500 in five months whilst drinking. But many of them come from lower grades of society.

Now they spend their weary treadmill of existence at work, housecleaning or scrubbing, charring or washing, that little at night for a pillow on which to lay their weary heads in the Women's Shelter.

(o)—(o)—(o)

## Children's Shelter.

"See the Christ Child in the person Of each little child."

"ARE YOU HAPPY?" one of the small inmates was asked.

He nodded a vigorous affirmative.

"WHERE are you happy?" he was questioned further.

"I'M HAPPY IN MY STOMACH!" was the youngster's unexpected reply. Not an unsatisfactory way of conveying the all-important fact, to him, that at last he had got enough to eat.

"I'M SYLVIE," explained the eldest girl of Captain Baldwin's family of twenty, ranging from one year up to ten. Sylvie's poor father died after years of invalidism, and her mother has scarcely strength to support herself.

"And who are these?" we pointed to

**A Regiment of High Baby-Chairs**

on the grass beneath the shadow of the willow.

"This is Rose," she replied, blithely. "This is Eddie, a sunbeam on. This is Peter. He has been sick. See how thin he is look at his legs! But he's getting better. This is Walter; he's a noisy boy. This is Mildred, with brown eyes. Here is Howard, and this is Harry, little rogue, he kicked his shoes and stockings off to play with his toes. Here is Walter, he came to us from the Rescue Home. That's Cecil, lying on his back on the grass. Then there's Arthur, and Bertha, and Fauny, and Irene, and ME."

On the other side of the lawn, beneath the cover of a large wagon,

lifted off and placed on the grass to do duty as a tent, a delightful, round, fat, colored baby was sleeping, her brown neck and arms crumpled into dimples above her gay, pink frock. "Topey Dorothy."

cycles were softly sealed with the kiss of death.



The boys' room.

More cradles and more cots, where beautiful, healthy, little ones were

### Pillowed in Rosy Sleep.

past the Captain's bedroom, to the third storey upstairs, and there we found the second capacious bath-room with a second row of marble-set basins.

"HOW WHITE WILLIE IS NOW," the children kept exclaiming, but the fact of the matter was the filthy, dirt-encrusted, ragged, young newcomer had been introduced to a good scrub in the bath from top to toe, the result being an improvement by two or three degrees lighter in his complexion.

Two more rooms, with about eight small iron beds in each. "The girls' room" and "the boys' room," by course.

"NINETY-TWO STRAY LAMBS have found good pasture within this gracious fold. F. K.



## TORONTO SLUM CORPS.

### Three Brave Lassies.

Some of the War Cry readers will no doubt be a little curious to know if the slum work spoken of in the Cry some months back has begun yet. About two weeks ago on Saturday night three officers went out with tambourines and autoharp.

### Dressed In Slum Costume.

hat and apron, and in our hearts the love of God. We scarcely knew where beat to begin, but seeing a crowd of children and a few older ones standing idly around a corner, we halted and began singing. "The conquering Saviour can break every chain," etc., and kept singing for about fifteen minutes, as that was about the only way we could reach our congregation. As usual, the children invited us to come again. We passed on to another corner and spent a few minutes longer with an old woman who had a son, a boy, some Italian, some German, etc., and came home praying and believing God would bless our weak efforts with success. Adj. Tierney came the next night, red hot and ready for the fight, to help us, and sent home some straight Gospel messages to our company gathered around us.

One Italian man invited us down to another corner

### In Front of His Own House

where a number of both men and women were gathered. We prayed God to bless them, and spent a short time with them, and came home blessed in our own souls. All the week God has been helping us. We were cheered on by having the assistance of the Headquarters Staff Band with us on Sunday night, had two good open-air, and for about two hours did our utmost to send the message of salvation home to our hearers. We believe God is going to save.—Capt. H. Slum Officer.

Are you thin-skinned spiritually?

HAVE you enough Holy Ghost in you to stir up the opposition of the devil?



"Their toys from the Christmas tree are nearly run out, but they keep the children as happy as the day is long."

swinging low, beneath the green mossy netting, the motionless form of a little sick child, as still as though moulded in wax. By her side the Captain watched.

—Oxo—

ANOTHER WEE WILLIE was won by nobody. His mother died and left him to the mercy of the unfeeling world. What he suffered, and how he was knocked about from one to another cannot be told. At last the officers of the corps brought him to the Shelter. Nobody wanted to adopt him because of the cast in his eye. But the angels took him. There was lots of room in Heaven with his mother, when at last he



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
**THE SALVATION ARMY**

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and transmission of the seed, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.

Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

We win. !!!!!!

Glory to God! !!!!!!

"Be strong and of a good courage." !!!!!!

The records of the fight show that we realize the value of our open-air privileges. !!!!!!

Through the open-air meetings at Hamilton a man who had in his possession some stolen property became so awakened to his true condition that he handed said property to the Army authorities at Toronto for them to return to the owner. He also sought forgiveness from God, and is now doing well. !!!!!!

The Commandant still forges ahead. Occasional reports of his meetings, which appear in the pages of the Cry, give no adequate idea of the amount of work he daily grapples with, nor of the large proportion of each consecutive twenty-four hours he devotes to the affairs of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. His last week-end was spent at Peterboro. No reports are at present obtainable of the meetings there, but on Dominion Day an unusually good time was experienced in the meeting the Commandant led on the camp ground. !!!!!!

Our front rank warrior, Major Jewer, is no better, rather worse. Cheer up, Major. Your comrades are still praying for you. Trust on, Mrs. Jewer.

"Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face."

!!!!!!

Mrs. Colonel Endle, we regret to say, is not recovering. Only very faint hopes can be entertained of her recovery by human aid. Colonel Endle, an old comrade in Canada's early Salvation fight, has our tender sympathy. May the great God sustain him now, and may the Good Shepherd smooth Mrs. Endle's couch of pain, and enable her all the way to say, "I will fear no evil." !!!!!!

Holiness is the abolition of sin, the doing of righteousness and the enthronement of God. It is harmony; it is health; it is union; it is victory; it is joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, begun in pardon and adoption, made complete through body, soul, and spirit in full salvation, and brought to perfection in the maturity and fruitfulness of an obedient heart and a consecrated life.

The power of holiness is the Eternal God. The way of holiness is straight and leads to the cross. The testimony of holiness convicts the sinner. The fruit of holiness is love. The test of holiness is hard work and real sacrifice for the salvation of the bodies and souls of men. Its watchword is "Others."

If holiness is possible anywhere, to any one, at any time, it must be possible everywhere, to everyone, and all the time, and therefore to you and just now. Desire it above everything else. Seek it before everything else. Pay the price marked on it—

# Wells' : Hill : Camp,

TORONTO.

## CROWDS—LIBERTY—CONVERSIONS.

Colonel Holland Leads off—Has a Boiling-Over Time—Sees Souls Saved—The Commandant Leads Two Great Fights on Dominion Day and Five Persons Volunteer for Salvation—Major Complin Leads the Musical Go.

The Camp Meetings on Wells' Hill are a splendid success. The spirit manifested by soldiers and Christian people generally has been all that could be desired. This has made an excellent impression on the crowds who attend the meetings. There are 25 families camping on the hill this year, all converted people, thus making it

### A HEAVEN ON EARTH.

There are two or three meetings held every day. The first week-end was conducted by COLONEL HOLLAND, assisted by HQ. BAND. It was prophesied that such grand meetings were the forerunners of glorious times—souls being saved, and a regular boiling-over time. \* \* \*

On Dominion Day the Commandant conducted two grand meetings in a full tent. The afternoon meeting was a rouser. When the Commandant entered the tent all the people stood to their feet and fired volley after

volley. The attack resulted in the salvation of FIVE SOULS. At night the Commandant was assisted by the new Headquarters' Staff Band. The meeting was full of life and our leader in exciting spirits. He spoke with great feeling and power, finishing the day with a real, old-time wind-up. \* \* \*

Our expectations are running high for next week-end, which the Commandant leads. \* \* \*

The last meeting held to date was a musical meeting, conducted by Major Complin, assisted by Headquarters' Staff Band, which was much appreciated by a good audience. A young man got saved at the end of the meeting. \* \* \*

Our camp meetings are not at all behind any that have been held previously, our tent being twenty feet larger than in former days.

The campers are in a happy condition. Prayer meetings held all over the ground. MAJOR HOWELL



CAPT. and MRS. PENN, the Eastern Provincial Light Brigade Agents, recently married at Ottawa by the Commandant.

nothing less than the sum total of your all, and begin now to believe God is true, and you shall have it. He is faithful. I have proved it.—W. Bramwell Booth. !!!!!

The profits accruing from our transactions in the soul-saving business will be computed, not from the quantity of our service, but from the quality; the spirit of our work will determine our success here, and then at the day of account the "gold" will be that which has come from right-spirited labor. — Staff-Captain Allan G. Fisher. !!!!!

A clean heart will produce a clean life; and if we go forward with a clean heart, a single eye and a living faith, God must be glorified in and through us; souls must and shall be converted. I have a clean heart.—Commissioner D. M. Rees.

MISS McDONALD has been appointed to the West Ontario Headquarters.

(o)—(o)—(o)

EX-CAPTAIN MARTIN, who assisted Major Morris as scribe in Newfoundland, is now Lieutenant at the Parkdale Rescue Home.

## GAZETTE.

### PROMOTIONS—

Captain *John Christian*, chief assistant Newfoundland Province, to be **ENSIGN**.

Captain *J. Payne*, Eastern District, to be **ENSIGN**.

Lieutenant *J. Leger*, Harbor Grace, to be Captain at Bird Island Cove.

Lieutenant *Russell*, Folly's Island, to be Captain at Grosapeg.

Lieutenant *Cold*, Carbonear, to be Captain at Brigandine.

Lieutenant *S. Mercer*, St. John's II., to be Captain at Brigandine.

Lieutenant *G. Thompson*, Bird Island Cove, to be Captain at Churchill Cove.

Lieutenant *Newton*, Grenfell, to be Captain at Grenfell.

Captain *R. Tilley*, Old Perlican, to be Captain at Trinity.

Captain *O. Green*, Channel, to be Captain at Grand Bank.

Captain *L. Skiphorn*, Carbonear, to be Lieutenant at Old Perlican.

Captain *A. Foulden*, St. John's T.O., to be Lieutenant at Churchill Cove.

Captain *T. Miller*, Trinity, to be Lieutenant at Roberts.

Captain *J. Beagle*, Scilly Cove, to be Lieutenant at Bonavista Harbor.

Captain *Dorsey*, Halifax Social, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

**ENSIGN McMillan**, Chief Secretary's office, to be Captain, Territorial Head-quarters, under Secy.

Capt. *Smecton*, Newfoundland Province, to be Lieutenant Officer, Trinity.

**ENSIGN Crichton**, chief assistant Newfoundland Province, to be District Officer, Trinity Bay District.

**ENSIGN Payne**, Eastern District, to be District Officer, Southern District, Newfoundland.

**ENSIGN Greene**, D.O. Trinity Bay District, to be Captain, Northern District, Newfoundland.

**Captain Frank Mar**, to be Lieutenant Officer Easters District, Newfoundland.

Lieutenant *R. G.*, to be Assistant West Ontario Province, to Territorial Headquarters.

**HERBERT B. BURKE**, Commissioner.

## Brigadier Margetts,

AND

### Major and Mrs. Complin

AT PARIS.

Captain Whalean and Lieut. Hollett made the War Cry editor and his wife feel welcome as soon as they got off the cars at Paris. When Brigadier Margetts and Captain Crichton arrived at the officers' quarters a musical programme was soon fired for the evening meeting.

The open-air was, in point of numbers, attention, and financial help, a wonder. So was the inside meeting. The Brigadier discoursed on the most salutary right gleefully in the barracks, and the editor tried hard to get some people to come to the pentent form, but failed. It was a capital "go," though.

## THE SALVATION NAVY.

The "William Booth's" Tour—Visit to the States.

TOLEDO, O.

Monday morning finds us pulling out from Windsor for Monroe, U.S. Monroe is a place that neither fears God nor man. We trust their hearts may be touched by the pleading influence of the lame.

The lake across the border is the lake of the heat of the season, for with a good stiff breeze our little boat would along, and all with merry hearts and smiling faces enjoyed the roiling of the boat. We reached Amherstburg, and here we were received with open arms. We spent three days in Amherstburg, and profitable they were, meeting, singing, and playing, and practising. We left for Toledo, U.S., early on Friday morning and arrived there shortly after dinner.

The people were expecting us and we were received with some amount of display. God bless Toledo. We marched through the city on arriving, and formed up at the barracks at 7 p.m. Our first appointment was in a large Methodist church. We held a good open-air and then proceeded to the church, where a goodly number were gathered.

We had a good, lively, salvation meeting. Our dear Adjutant read and, as usual, invited sinners to the front, and we believe that good will follow our first attempt in Toledo. We will be here till Tuesday morning. Everybody pray for the Brigade. — J. V. A. S. G.

## THE WIDE WORLD!

### ENGLAND.

The General in Sweden, accompanied by Commissioner Booth-Tucker, getting ready for his Indian, African and Australian campaigns.

Great ball changes. Six P. O.'s and 20 D. O.'s under orders.

The Japanese pioneering party, under Captain Wright, preparing for transportation.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth conducts Bristols' Rescue Anniversary. Two large

churches crowded.

110 cadets on the march. At Holloway, 47 souls.

### UNITED STATES.

Commander and Mrs. Booth at Milwaukee. Magnificent donations for new hall, \$1,300.

Mrs. Colonel Endle sinking.

All signs of recovery abandoned.

New hall opened at Asbury Park.

More arrests: Staff-Captain R. R. Cox at Colorado Springs, and women cadets at St. Louis, taken in patrol wagon.

### INDIA.

Commissioner Rahuan and Colonel Rai Singh once more at the front.

Colonel Jai Bhai attacked by fever.

Much better.

Staff-Captain Himmat Singh on the boom march.



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# Once Wild West THE OVER-SEA COLONY.

## AMONG THE WOOD CREE INDIANS

**BROTHER ZURHORST**, a well-known soldier of the Toronto Temple corps, has returned to the city, looking hale and hearty, after a sojourn of two years in the Northwest, a large portion of the time on the reserve of the Wood Cree Indians.

### Five Miles from a White Man's House.

Our comrade was formerly an officer, but a break-down in health compelled his retirement. Finally, he travelled west, hoping the invigorating atmosphere would permanently benefit his constitution.



BROTHER ZURHORST.

ABOUT A HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES FROM EDMONTON the "pitched his moving tent," to teach in an Indian school, by Methodist appointment, under Government pay, assisting the missionary and becoming profoundly interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of those amongst whom he lived and toiled, sang, prayed and testified of the power of a crucified Saviour.

#### —OHO—

BROTHER ZURHORST needed no prompting, his subject possessed him. He charged off like a gun ready loaded at the first query:

"Did you go no Salvationist?"

"Oh, yes; and stuck to my uniform the first six months right along, until it was worn out. I was fifteen months teaching under Methodist appointment in the Government day-school.

#### Training the Papooses,

and visiting, etc., amongst the Indians and helping the missionary on Sunday, and week-days, too."

"Are they sociably inclined?"

"With one another, very. It is the Wood Cree Indian nature to visit. To any stranger, also, they will be friendly—if they take to him. The children, even if they have anything given to them, will immediately share it with one another. In school I would sometimes give them a few raisins or a little sugar, as a reward, afterwards the others would all wait round to taste it, too."

"What about music?"

"Oh, they are very fond of music—pick up songs easily. They kept me singing choruses nearly thirty miles once. We went travelling over the prairie like pilgrims, nearly 300 of us, men, women and children, moving slowly, pitching our tents at night and camping together. We were gone about ten days, to a sort of district meeting. I had to sing for them in English. They liked 'We'll roll the old chariot along!'

"Are they suspicious towards white people?"

"Well, they take good stock of you. They are remarkably keen, penetrating, and sharp as a needle to see who is sincere, apart from those who are sincere."

#### Merely Self-Seekers or Time Servers.

They seem gifted with a peculiar instinct that way. They can see

### Copy of a Despatch Received From the General by the Commandant.

#### BY THE GENERAL.

##### CHAPTER II.—THE SITE.

1. Has the site for the O. C. S. been decided upon.

No, although seeing much clearer than I have done before what I need, and since my visit to Canada being much drawn in the direction of the Northwest Provinces of that country, I cannot say that I am decided on any particular part of the world.

2. What do you consider to be required?

What I could wish would be a tract of country large enough for the reception and maintenance of a considerable population at such a distance from any great city as to be free from the temptations that great cities usually present, and yet not so far from Great Britain as to make it too difficult or costly for the conveyance of a large number of people.

3. Are there any other properties you deem necessary in the country you would like to select?

Yes, I want a climate that will suit the emigrant as it regards health and vitality. I don't want it to be too invigorating, as I desire to see it occupied by a strong, energetic race, not too rigorous for a people who may not all have the most vigorous constitutions to commence with. In addition, I want a fair rainfall, together with a fertile soil, which will produce all the main classes of food required by a miscellaneous population.

4. What about markets?

Well, we shall, I expect, be ultimately very much independent of markets, but still it will certainly be gratifying to our adventure, and indeed, a necessity to be able to obtain some cash for our production. Especially will this be the case at the beginning, consequently we ought not to be very far either from a port on the open sea or from a railway with a reasonable tariff for freightage. Of course this is also a most serious question, because it is connected with the cost of bringing colonists whom we expect will be arriving in a continued stream.

5. What articles do you expect to have for disposal? That is to say, what will be your exports?

That will entirely depend upon the character of the country we occupy, and more especially still upon the purchasers we are able to obtain. Amongst other things, we reckon as an agricultural people on having various kinds of farm produce, such as butter, cheese, hogs, beef, etc., etc. As to manufactures, we shall be able to produce almost anything that will sell for which we can find buyers, because we shall have skilled colonists of every trade, and, what is at once to turn their hands to whatever may be wanted in their lines. If it is furniture, we will make furniture; if boots and shoes, then we

through you as if you were made of glass. They know a sham, and they know a hypocrite in a second."

"They are inclined to beg a good deal, are they not?"

"You see they have come to turn to the white man for help and support. They look to the loaves and fishes, but if they understand you are as poor as themselves they are just as ready to share as with one another. We did all we could to teach them that it was wrong to beg, whilst all the time we would assist them as much as it was in our power, visiting the sick, taking them little things, and so on."

"Is there any difference noticeable between the older people of the race and the rising generation?"

will turn out those articles. We can secure and train in England producers of any goods that may be wanted.

- 6.—Have you anything to say about nationality?

Well, without any reflection on any other nation, I naturally prefer that the experiment should be made under the British flag. I do so because I expect the first colonists will be largely from British shores. When I undertake the task of establishing a colony, I shall name it for "Darkest Africa." I shall never dream of any other of the broad acres within its own borders, and so with India and many other nations.

7. What about the government of the colony?

It would be conducted strictly on the same principle as the S. A. or as are the social operations of to-day. For instance, we would have

8. There would be a set of orders and regulations drawn up or approved by myself, suggested largely by our past experience.

9. A Governor, appointed by the General of the S. A. for the time being for a set period.

10. Officers selected by the Governor and approved by the General.

8. Don't you anticipate difficulty with your government on the colony?

Well, there might possibly be some measure of friction; that would be expected but not more than is the case with the government of the Salvation Army, I suppose. If the tens of thousands of Salvationists, largely raised up from the class whom we expect to have under our control in this scheme, are held together in the heartiest unity while laboring incessantly for the welfare of their fellows, without any worldly advantage being connected therewith, how much more reason have we to expect that with these methods and earthly advantages superadded, there will be concord and the heartiest co-operation.

9. Would the colonists be subject to the laws of the country in which the colony was situated?

Certainly, in every respect, so long as there was nothing in those laws that interfered with the conscientious discharge of the duty the colonists owed to God.

10. Would any exceptional legislation or arrangement be asked for with respect to the temperance question?

We would simply want a zone around our settlement within which the manufacture, sale or distribution, in any form of intoxicating liquors would be illegal. In most colonies I am informed that the existing laws make such an arrangement quite possible.

(To be continued.)

"The passing men and women who have followed the buffalo and lived in tents on the prairie trail, are

#### Decidedly Darker in Hue

than the younger race, who have lived in houses. They dress, too, like the whites, discarding the blanket, or using it a little in the house. The younger people, who are willing to take instruction and to be guided by the Government agent, are many of them growing quite prosperous, with farms, and large wagons, and teams, whilst those who cling on to their old customs and ideas are all backward, and behind the times."

"Are they superstitiously inclined?"

"The Wood Cree Indians are naturally religious. The converted man

gives thanks in the morning and prays and asks God's blessing before and after every meal. I visited them in their houses, and they seemed pleased to have me pray with them, either in English or Cree. Of course, I could say little in Cree, but when I didn't know any more I went on in English. They are glad to find white men who are willing to learn their language. They said, 'Now you are Cree—not Canadian.' Of course, I could not do very much at it in the time. The missionary—or 'praying man,' as they translate it—spent ten years amongst the Indians before he could talk freely, without an interpreter."

"What are their houses like now, and how do they furnish them?"

"They are about square in shape, and built of logs, generally left as one big room, with a loft above, where they can stow anything. They sleep below. The furniture is homemade, with a sort of four-post bed, and generally one stool, for the missionary or teacher. As a rule they prefer to sit on the floor themselves, and the brick chimney is the side of the wall. They prefer to eat on the floor, too. Their meal consists often of tea, bread and rabbit. They catch lots of rabbits with a trap made with string, attached to a strong young sapling, that springs up and leaves the rabbit high and dry."

"I was very much interested in a tea-dance."

"A TEA-DANCE?"

"Yes. Of course the

#### Government won't Allow Them Whisky

on the "—ve—"

"Too—dangerous?"

"Oh, it would be disastrous to the whole community; but they are very fond of drinking tea. Much tea supplied them by the Hudson Bay Company. One night I was returning to rest about ten o'clock, when I heard a curious tapping in the distance. I thought surely it couldn't be the Army drum in this remote region. So I went to find out what it was. I traced it over the fields by the lake to a house, where I found about forty men and women at this tea-dance. They had a sort of drum they had constructed by tying a piece of ox-hide round a bent and curved stick. Then they were hopping and jumping up and down, with very little variety, except changes now and then into quicker time, with a

#### Sort of Whoop, or Shriek Whistle

repeated. Every now and then they would stop to drink tea out of the big cup-and-saucer. 'Teacher,' they said to me, by an interpreter, 'wig have you come?' 'I came to see you,' I said. 'Yes, but why did you want to see us?' they asked. They wanted to know if I had come to tell their agent liked this sort of thing, and they agreed that he did not, but they could not tell why. I tried to explain that for the sake of the children I taught, and was trying to bring up to a better life, it was not good for them to hold on to these remains of a wild, past existence, and wasting their little money, too, on so much tea. However, they insisted they wanted their play, so I left them.

#### SPECIMEN OF CREE LETTERS.

—C'D C'D D'A. —'O' P' P' —  
—C'D C'D D'A. —'O' P' P' —

These characters represent the shores "The sea angles hovering round."

"Do you like to leave us?" they asked, when I came home. "No," I told them. "Why don't you?" they asked again. So I explained that when I came I had only white friends, but now I found I had Indian friends, too. No, it isn't hard to win their affection if you are true."

#### GRACE-BEFORE-MEAT.

In England there is a postman who has a box at his office, in which every postman may drop his odd cents. One of the boxes is in a house where the Greek priest dwelt in his coat when the landlady presents the box.

—OHO—

Major Read will be glad to receive reports and incidents, or any suggestion for the advancement of the scheme.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."



## SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODIGAL.

A Serial Story.

CHAPTER X

"Likewise I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repented."

**H**E, MY BEAUTIFUL HAM! Oh, the purple heather, and the scented fern and heather, waist deep, and the pine trees, they smell so sweet in the summer!

AND THE DEER, and the rabbits scudding, and the grouse among the heather. I remember it all so well. Oh, what possessed me to leave such a home! A land of poetry and legend, with its stories of Rob Roy, and we hunted in the blood of the Macgregors.

I remember the picture of our own house as it hung on the wall. A big old, square mansion in Aberdeen—"THE SILVER CITY," it was called, built of white granite mica, flushing in the sunset, you could see it miles away, all greyish-white, or whitish grey. You know, it is built right there upon the estuary of the two rivers—the Don and the Don.

### The Old University Town,

full of historical association. Oh, what privilege! Was there ever a boy started out with greater chances than I had?

But my father always said there was "a kink in my moral nature."

And the old Brig' o' Don is mentioned in poems as the most beautiful in the Kingdom, spanning a very deep pool in the river.

There was a legend about that bridge, it was prophesied that

"Gin a mare's ne foal,  
An' a mither's ne son,  
Gang over the Brig' o' Don,  
Doun it shant fa!"

Our coachman was so superstitious he refused to drive over that bridge because he said he was "a mither's ne son," and consequences might be disastrous.

MY GRANDFATHER was a West Indian merchant, who owned a large sugar plantation on the Island of Granada, but at the time of the abolition of slavery, and owing to a drop in the price of sugar, he became insolvent. His property went into chancery, and there it remains to this day.

I distinctly remember THE DEALINGS OF THE DEVIL with me in those boyhood days. I remember he pitted me with endless temptations to sin. But, the first I can recollect of being doctored with on religious matters was once when I was severely reprimanded by my father for my behavior in church. Out of the high old, square, family nest, and while he was listening to the sermon I tried to crawl underneath the seat. I remember the old bundle who used to walk up that aisle in the dim, religious light, with its intense silence, and a certain smell of the vault or the tomb.

**T**HAT SOLEMN-VISAGED BEADLE used to meet my father and the rest of us at the door, with such a consequential air, as we stepped down from the carriage and entered the porch. It was a part of his duty to show people to their seats. He would swing open the gate of the pew for us and close it with the little swivel, after that he would descend to some regions below to fetch the old Bible. He would gravely place it upon the pulpit cushion, and re-descend to usher the minister sombrely up from the vestry, close the gate, and take

his seat in the front and go to sleep in his rusty, black old coat.

Oh, but the Scotch are the people who know how to appreciate a good sermon! Listen for an hour and never stir, no still then you could hear a pin drop. They had no use for sermon unless it had some profound argumentative thread running through it. It's something of a temptation to this day to me to give way to a controversial sermon, and what it is the Apostle Paul says?—"Avoid foolish and uncharitable questions, for they do gender strife." I often have to pull myself up, even now, arguing.

But the singing impressed me. I always was sensitive to music, only it was so slow.

"All—pon—ple—that-on—earth—do—dwell!" But it was a sin to whistle; "Ye maun whistie on the Saw-bath day, iddle!" they told me.

When I visited my house years after, I found myself running ahead of the congregation all the time.

I WAS THE YOUNGEST of six children living, four boys and two girls. MY FATHER was a retired officer in Her Majesty's service, holding the rank of Major. He was invalided home just previous to the Indian mutiny. Several of our family were born in India before he returned home to the west of Scotland.



"WE BOASTED OUR DESCENT FROM THE KINGS OF SCOTLAND."

Oh, the pride of birth in those old Scotch families, and amongst the chums, with all their

**B**oast in Hereditary Nobility! what did it do for me? Oh, how shall I tell what depths I sank to—what was it possessed me? To think that I broke my father's heart, and whitened his head! I forgive me! The motive held out to me to do right was most of all that I might not disgrace the good name of our family, descent, for on both sides we boasted our descent from the kings of Scotland. I remember the queer, old family pictures—the rooms were full of them.

We children were kept in the nursery. We had our meals there; we were only allowed down after dinner at night a little while, and on Sunday we dined at noon, after the stately church service. Always a cold dinner: nothing was cooked on Sunday unless it was the potatoes boiled, or soup warmed up, with cold meat cooked the day before. And father repeated a verse of Scripture, whilst

all of us children in turn said one we had learnt beforehand.

But, oh, I had A TERROR OF A TERROR! I would bite, and scratch, and tear the nurse's face to pieces if I could. I was so obstinate they never made me say I was sorry. I would lie almost before I would give in. The doctor would keep me shut up without food, to make me so hungry I couldn't hold out any longer. Then I would say I was sorry; but it was simply to get something to eat, not from any sense of Godly sorrow, that worketh repentance, oh, dear, no! I would do it again as soon as the claims of nature were satisfied.

Outside there was a beautiful bed of

### Rhododendrons, Double Crimson and White

—father always was fond of gardening. There, near the stable, I came once killing my brother in my ungovernable, reckless passion. I struck him on the head with a deep cut near the eyes, he carried the scar long afterwards. I got a licking that time. My lickings were always prefaced with a sermon. I don't remember the sermon, but I do remember the licking.

But here I want to say, with deepest emphasis, that all I have I owe to my FATHER, my grand, old father. All I have to say is that is manly or good, it traces to the name of my father. He was a magnificent man, with his firm-set mouth, square, high forehead, and military form.

And oh! GOD FORGIVE ME! To think that I broke his heart! God help me!

My father was very careful with our boyhood training. When we were past nursery days he would call us himself, regularly and early, into his own room. After we had taken our cold plunge every morning, he would make me get down at his knees and pray. Dear old man! and I put grey hair into his head!

His love was great, but God's, I suppose, was greater.

The remembrance of the love of my earthly parents helped me later to believe it was possible God Almighty could forgive me.

It was not for want of

### Every Chance to be Good

and noble that I went wrong afterwards.

How shall I tell it all—all my sin!

What a change for me, to that little school in the Northwest compared to my beautiful, old, Scotch home, with its wide hall-way, with the stained glass windows, and the crest, with our family motto: "Spes aspira levat"—"Hope helps labor." I remember well how one day a drunken coachman drove against the wall and broke the copper-stone.

When I was in MY TEENS father moved into a house in the country a little way out of the city of Aberdeen.

I never drank. I never knew the taste of whiskey. I tremble to think what I should have become with my fierce temper. That was thanks to my father, too. It was the custom in every family to take a little wine, and ours was no exception to the rule. But Francis Murphy came lecturing to the city on the Blue Ribbon Fund. Francis was exacting, and I noticed that the wine-cellar was empty, and that the drawers were empty, and that the cupboard under the butter and honey and such like, were kept, and on the other the wine, and there I used to steal the nuts whenever I had the chance—when the butter had forgotten to lock up the sherry and maderas. When I was forced to eat with a steel fork, or none at all, I used to conjure up our own old lovely silverware, and the delicate china, especially our set of

**W**edgewood, Worth its Weight in Gold.

What a way poor father was in when a little girl fell with a tray full of it, and smashed it. He scoured the country round to match it, but in vain. None had the same old, old enamel, with its antique, yellow tinge. Sometimes, after society gatherings, we boys would catch the butter coming out of the room where the company were, and coax him to let us

taste the champion. But I never liked it, and father gave it up as soon as he stepped into the light—he always followed the light as he had it.

(To be continued.)

## Hurrah for Grand Forks!

### A Glorious Break at Major Bennett's Welcome.

### 35 SOULS!

Last Saturday, Captain Kemp, Uncle Clem, and I took the train for Grand Forks, North Dakota. After travelling for about five hours through some of the most beautiful country I ever saw, not for rocks, rivers and picture scenery, but a land flowing with milk and honey. It looked like one grand field, from the boundary to the city, of grain in splendid condition, thousands of acres as far as the eye could see on each side of the road. I thought what a blessing a lot of work can make or get out of this, which was, only a few years ago, a wild, vast prairie. Before we got to our destination we had to run through several nice towns. Just across the line was Pembina, N.D., where we have arranged camp meetings next month, and are expecting wonderful time. There is also Drayton, a growing hive of industry, which I hope will soon be large enough for us to open. Then comes Grafton, a place with a population of nearly three thousand. The wheat is ripe unto harvest, and it is only the lack of officers that keeps us from opening at once. The Gospel drum will be soon heard in the streets. \* \* \*

We arrived at Grand Forks, a fine city of about eight thousand inhabitants, and were welcomed by a crowd of uniformed soldiers, who soon made us feel we were in the land of the free. They were most happy to see us. Bro. Kingman took us to supper, where we saw his soldier-wife busy making the good things ready for us. After supper we met the soldiers at the hall for the opening. We had a large ring of soldiers and a great crowd of spectators interested in the salvation offered to them. Indoors we had the large hall almost full and at the close of the meeting we saw four souls cry for mercy. \* \* \*

Sunday there was a fine turn-out to keep drill, and at the holiness meeting twenty-three came out for the blessing of a clean heart, and two for salvation. In the afternoon meeting four more sought God and went away rejoicing, and at night two more cried for salvation.

We had good crowds all day. The soldiers turned out well, and were full of fire for the salvation of the sinner. \* \* \*

Monday night was a great success. The soldiers came up well, and had a long march through East Grand Forks, which is in the State of Minnesota. The Red River, which is the boundary line of the two States, runs between the two cities. In Grand Forks proper there are no saloons, it is a fine, energetic business town, with a large number of the stone and brick buildings, but East Grand Forks has scarcely got a business house in it. All along the main street, both sides almost every door is a trap door to hell, and hundreds may be seen prowling about the haunts of iniquity who are slaves to drink, gambling, lust, and everything that is vile. It was through this place that we marched, and after an open-air we had a glorious time in the hall, which was well filled, although the weather was very hot.

The officers have taken well hold and are loved of the people, because they are destined to do a good work for the city and for its people, by the help and power of God.

I stayed with Brother and Sister Vauquel, who are both converts of the Army, and who showed me the greatest possible kindness.

Mr. Major Bennett is to visit this corps July 20, 21, and 22, and she will have a good time.



# Nanaimo

## Corps History.

When the news of the discovery of coal became known to the world, miners speedily flocked in from other parts, and the Nanaimo camp grew in a very short time into a town of no small size and importance.

### By: Enterprising Tradesmen

soon established every business except that of interest to the soul, chief among them the liquor traffic.

It was a typical mining town. There was plenty of work, plenty of beer, and plenty of money, and these seemed to be the three essentials to live with. Religion was very little thought of by the majority of the hard-working miners, whose great ambition was to earn money and greater pleasure to spend it.

The saloons were the only places of amusement, and into these they would flock night after night. About the time of the coal company's payday the sounds of revelling and drunkenness could be heard from one end of the town to the other. Many a man had more than one fortune in those days, and spent it before those swinging doors.

The devilish wickedness and God-forsakenness was utterly appalling to the few faithful followers of the lowly Nazarene, for though they struggled bravely for God and right, they were sadly in the minority, and felt that their efforts to stem the current of sin were almost, if not altogether, fruitless in comparison with the visible results of those who were seeking not to elevate but lower these

### Victims of the Devil in Solution.

Thank God, times have changed since then, and despite the fact that over twenty saloons are licensed by the city to keep thirsty ones supplied with intoxicating liquor, to combat this evil several temperance lodges exist which are doing considerable work in agitating, and also by toiling for legislation in favor of the suppression of the drink traffic.

The Y. M. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. are also actively engaged in the cause for right. Numbers of these organizations are largely drawn from the different churchies of which there are two, Church of England, two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Baptist, and one Roman Catholic. Last, but by no means least, comes the S. A., where many who were once bound by the chains of drink and sin have found deliverance from the power of their enemy, and testify today of being kept.

A miner's life, in any part of the world, is

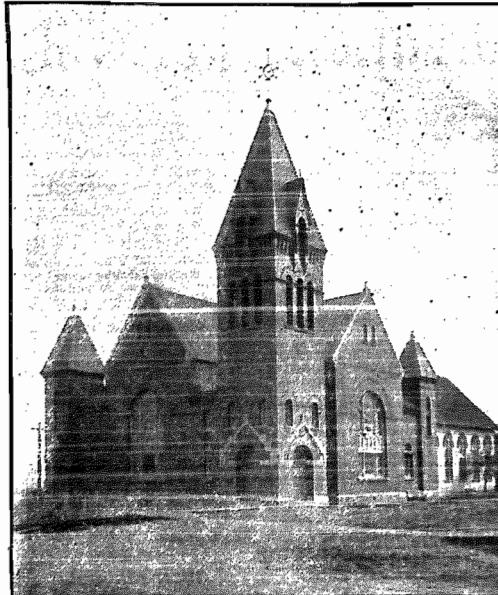
### Fraught with Danger,

and many a brave fellow has been called away from this world while at work some hundreds of feet below the surface.

It might be noted that the N. V. C. Co.'s mines have suffered fewer explosions than the majority of those in other lands, which have been working the same length of time.

All modern improvements, both for the comfort and convenience of the men who toil that day after day, and safeguards against accident have been introduced.

No. 1, the principal shaft, situated



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Nanaimo, where the General held his Social Meeting

at the southern end of Nanaimo, is nearly seven hundred feet deep, and the descent in the huge iron cage can be accomplished in less than a minute. Here are located the company's offices, the power house for the subterranean electric tramway, and the stabilizing accommodation for the miners.

Visitors are allowed the privilege of descending this shaft, with permission from the superintendent, Mr. Samuel M. Roberts, who has always been a practical friend of the miners. Since their opinions and his coincide, and he has willingly given towards the erection of the present barracks.

Among the many who have taken the advantage of exploring this underground region are some prominent in Army circles, and the pages of the War Cry have already been graced with a photograph of our Canadian leader, Commandant Booth, and Staff, in mining costume; also a sketch from his pen giving an account of their experience while down the shaft.

To those unaccustomed to the workings of the mine it seems but an intricate not-work of passages,

through which the boxes loaded with coal are continually being run from the different levels to the shaft.

Some of the miners work two or three miles from the bottom of the shaft, and if they should be once shut off from access to it or the protection shaft (which is connected with No. 1 through a levelent), the poor company would be helpless, and notwithstanding every precaution accidents common to coal mines frequently happen, often attended with loss of life.

Three large explosions have hap-

pened in the mines in Nanaimo district. On the occasions of their taking place, many homes were bereaved and light hearts crushed with sorrow.

The first was at Wellington, on the 17th of April, 1879, when twelve men were killed.



LIEUT. HURST and SIS. LOUIS SMITH,  
War Cry banner.

The next was in No. 1, May 3rd, 1887, and was known as

### A Dust Explosion.

Its results were terrible. One hundred and forty-eight men were imprisoned, with no chance of escape. With two or three exceptions, the bodies were all recovered and identified by surviving loved ones, but the others remain there to this day. Of the number killed, ninety-six were white men and fifty-two Chinamen.

The next year another took place at Wellington on the 21st of January, when sixty-eight were ushered from time into eternity, thirty-one white men and the remainder Chinese.

No pen could picture the heart-rending scenes that took place at this time. Nanaimo was indeed a sorrowing city. Thank God, many took warning and started to live for Heaven.

IN THE SPRING OF 1888 huge bills posted about the city announced that the Salvation Army would open fire on May 20th. Some of the citizens became quite uneasy, and some prophesied that the town was to be destroyed.

The eventful day arrived, and with it Captain and Lieutenant (now Capt. Richardson, of Bradford, Ont.) When the people saw that instead

### The Expected Regiment,

only two harmless lads had come to make war in Nanaimo, fear subsided. Nevertheless, in the first few meetings, those that valued their respectability kept at a safe distance, and when they ventured into the barracks it was to take seats as near the door as possible.

But leaning on that promise, "My God shall supply all your need," the brave pair went ahead, the town hall was rented and fitted up as a barracks, while the back of the building was used as quartera.

The fighting at first was desperately hard, the Lieutenant being forced to work in the mine to keep down expenses, but the God who had sent them there did not let them work.

A few kind friends gathered round and became "ministering spirits" to their temporal needs. Of these, our friend, Mrs. Forest, was most untiring in her efforts to help and cheer the two who had come as

### God's Messengers.

God bless her. Crowds did not flock to the meetings, and during the first month or two, it was known that no people do a little thinking before they embrace this new-fangled idea, but the two officers felt, when after almost three months' fighting they gained the first convert, that victory was on their side.

(To be continued.)

## 'Watchman, What of the Night?'

The earth lieth sick with sorrow and sin.

And the healers heal her slightly; 'Tis little they reck of the plague within,

Or the mortal wounds unsightly.

There's sovereign balm for the sufferer still—

But alas! if it be not taken!

There's pardon for sinners, who ever will,

But only for sin forsaken.

Who loveth a lie, though he feign it white,

Is a slave to the great He-father;

Who doeth a wrong, though he count it right,

Is in league with rapine and murder.

Who seeketh the truth, who pleadeth for ruth,

Heath God and His angels behind him;

Who saveth a soul—in the glorious

roll of the ages, a prince ye shall find him.

Choose heaven or hell! They are everywhere,

And the eyes that be opened have seen them;

The messengers throng in the thoroughfaire,

Not a foot may tread between them.

For malice and might, for God and the right,

They have pressed on the soul's fair portal;

The demons of darkness, the angel's light,

Contend for a spirit immortal.

And queen of their passionate quest is she,

In the terrible hour of her choosing,

For the will of the heart is the silver key,

Or an infinite winning or losing!

The Infinite Love will not force her hand,

And they dare not—those regions infernal—

While waiting and pleading they see

Him stand,

For the truth of espousal eternal.

If she will—if she will—there is heaven for her still,

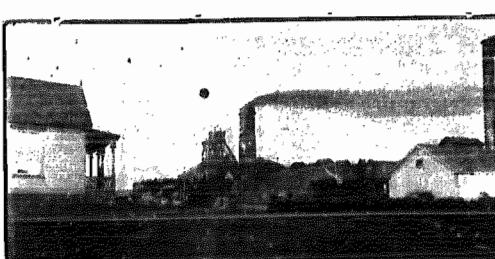
Though hell in the foreground reigns;

For the feeblest may cling to the cross of our King,

And be safe in the Rock of Ages.

H. E. C.

Written especially for the War Cry.



NANAIMO COAL MINES—No. 1 Shaft.

## Field Officers' Column

WRITTEN BY

AN F. O. FOR F. O's.

I received the following interesting letter, which is well worth publishing as the notes on "how to sell the War Cry." —ED.

MONCTON, June 26, 1865.

Dear Major:

I enclose my way of pushing the Cry. I haven't done so well as many officers, but God has helped me to sell them whenever I have been. The last two years I have never been very able to do much of either Cry selling or visiting. My body is not very strong. I do as much as I can in helping the others. There is no excuse for officers with any ability for not selling Crys. If they have an interest in the sales and are eaved from pride and fear, they can sell them.

The reduction in price which we have, at the same time we will have to work to sell out the number supplied. God bless you. Yours faithfully,

EMILY BRADLEY.

Ensign has been a good Cry seller, too. I shouldn't say "has been" as he is off now with a bundle to the train carrying the volunteers off to drill.

## How to Sell Crys.

I don't think I can do so well as many officers can, but I have been able to raise my sales in a number of places since I came in the field ten and a-half years ago.

READ IT YOURSELF. When it comes, of course read Territorial Topics, then the best articles should be read and songs looked over.

TAKE IT VISITING. You can sell a Cry when you visit, often, that you couldn't if you didn't push it in that way.

CUSTOMERS. In big places my Lieutenants sold them out on Thursdays, sometimes Fridays (n.m.)

STORES, etc. Friday, a.m.

MARKETS, Saturday, a.m.

BAR-ROOMS. Saturday afternoons. Of late years I did these myself. I loved this work. Sometimes 'twas a tug to start, but it gave such opportunities to speak to souls, and brought such blessing to my own.

BRIGADES. I never had any, but whenever I could, I put in sergeants to take districts after we had worked them up.

MEETINGS. War Cry meetings can be held successfully since the Cry is reduced. Admission, buy a Cry. Then do the meeting from its pages. Nothing to blinder this from being a good hit. Ordinary meetings should bring the Cry to the front, for singing at least.

## Banged the Chinaman.

## An Army Lassie Did Duty for Absent Police.

There were hundreds of people calmly watching a company of young brutes shamefully beating a Chinaman, on a recent Saturday night, 7 p.m., in the east end of Montreal.

Going her weekly round War Cry selling, Captain Ferren had to pass this mob, which attracted her attention.

Bravely pushing through the crowd, this brave lassie gave the poor Cetecial a helping hand; and in spite of jeers, scoffing, and many threats, she stood at his side protecting him from further harm. When the hoodlums left it was so pounce upon a poor, drunken man, whom they brutally maltreated.

Yours correspondent called at the laundry of Sung Lee shortly afterwards to enquire into the affair, and was met by that young man, who, in answer as to reason of the attack, said: "Me no know. He work, put washes on board, many bad men, beat me. Look!" Then he showed me his swollen head and face from blows he had received. "Belly bad man." "Where they drunk?" I queried. "Me no think, too weak for drink." "Who helped you?" I asked. "Lady solda, bum, bum, bum," which he said in great earnestness, imitating the beating of a drum.

This is a so-called Christian country. What next?

(Get the fellows saved.—ED.)

## Salvation Forever! MISSING

All letter will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Broth, Commandant, 8 A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

## FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOMPANY APPLICATIONS

1578.—MCMENAMIN, JOHN — Left Ireland and landed in Montreal in 1856. He is now about 80 years old. His son, John S. Gomery St., Winnipeg, Man., is the enquirer. New York City please copy.

1579.—JOHNSTON, JAMES, native of Colliestown, Scotland. Was a stone mason, employed at brass fittings at Woolwich Arsenal. Last heard of eleven years ago made enquiries for his aunt at Blyth, previous to going to Canada. Send information to above address.

1580.—WILLIAMS, MARY, aged 26; rather short, dark hair and eyes; native of Wales. Has lived in a situation at Aldershot, which she left, saying she was going to Southampton and after that to Canada. Send information to above address.

1582.—ELLISETT, ROSA, Age about 17 or 18; medium height; light brown hair; large eyes; Irish color. Was put in the West London District School, Ashford, near Hastings; about 6 years ago, was sent from there to Canada by Miss Rye. Last known address, care of Mrs. Israel Smith, Merton Postoffice, Ont. (Enginer (brother) has sent several letters to the above address, but received no reply. Send information to above address.)

1583.—MCNEIL, MRS. (nee Betsy Meeklah). Left England 14 years ago had a fancy drapery business at Galt, Ont., in her maiden name. Married a gentleman named McNeil. Sister Sarah enquires.

1584.—SKARRETT, WILLIAM. Last known address, care of Mr. Bassett, Deseronto, Ont., farm laborer. Father enquires.

1585.—AMBLER, MRS. ROADES, (nee Lizzie Flynn). Age about 27; very dark; height about 5 ft. Last heard of three years ago; was then living at Angus House, East Angus, P. C., Canada. Husband was then working at the Electric Light Co. Parents are very anxious for news.

1587.—WYATT, WILLIAM. Fair complexion, black eyes, deep scar under left eye, deformed in left foot. Went into "Dr. Barnado's Home" in March, 1885, and was sent to Canada on July 15, 1885; landed at Quebec on the 24th. He was sent to the school, Harzelle, Ont., and from there to Moncton with a Mr. Brown, then left and went to work with a Mr. Simpson, Vanier; last heard of in Nov., 1890. Supposed to be working on a farm. Mother enquires.

1588.—HANSEN, PETER, AND FREDERIKSEN (wife). Native of Denmark. Their address in 1893 was 396 10th Avenue, North Winnipeg, Manitoba.

1589.—MCREYNOLDS, ROLAY, age 54, 6 ft., pock-marked. Left Rosemore, Danganon, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, about 35 years ago, and went to Rosemount, Ont., farmer. Mr. Hugh McReynolds (nephew) enquires.

## IMPORTANT!

An enquiry comes from Cape Town, South Africa, for CRISTIAN PETER RODWELL, who has not been heard from for twelve months. Was then living in Neilsonville, Ont. His mother is very anxious; broken-hearted. Address, Mrs. Lindley, Claremont, South Africa.

## WINE-BIBBING MONKEYS

A RICH DRUNKARD kept two monkeys for his sport. Once he locked in his dining-room, where he and his guests had left some wine, and the two had mounted the table and were helping themselves to the wine, jolliering and gesticulating just as they had seen their master and his guests. Soon they were merry and jumped about; but at last they got to fighting on the floor, and tearing out one another's hair. The drunkard stood in amazement. "What?" said he, "is this a picture of myself? Do the brutes rebuke me?" Ever after he was a sober man.

Tunes—Anything for Jesus, "B.J." 76; Outward, Christian soldiers, "B.J." 35.

On the cross of Calvary, Jesus died for me. There He bled and suffered that I might go free; When He cried, "Tis finished," all great debt was paid, This was for me He carried thorns upon His head.

## Chorus.

I will love Thee, Jesus, every day, come what may; I will love Thee, Jesus, follow all the way.

When by faith I saw Him on the cruel tree, When I knew His dying wns to set me free, Then I cause, a sinner, at His feet I fell, Now I live to praise Him and His goodness tell.

Sinner, won't you love Him, serve Him while you may? You are hastening downward, come while yet 'tis day; Soon you'll have to meet Him at the great white throne, Come while He is calling, come, there still is room.

SISTER MRS. LICKMAN, Comber. (—)(—)(—)

Tune—I do believe, Nativity, "B.J." 147; O, the voice, "B.J." 60, or I Will Rheu, "B.J." 65.

O, Saviour, Jesus, can it be For Thy blood was shed? Thy groans in dark Gethsemane, The thorns upon Thy head?

## Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe, Thy blood was shed for me; Now cleanse my heart and make me pure, And from all sin keep free.

Methinks I see the murderous crowd Stand at the judgment hall, Who rail on Thee, Thou Son of God, And for Barabbas call.

Oh, Lord, to Thee I humbly bow, In agony of soul; From all my idols purge me now, And cleanse and make me whole.

D. F. MCAMMOND, Ensign, Bowmarville.

Tunes—Calcutta, "B.J." 29; Hark, the Gospel news, "B.J." 77; Bread of Heaven, "B.J." 207; Blessed Lord, In Thee is refuge, "B.J." 51.

When, poor sinner, prostrate lying On thy helpless, dying bed, When thy life's last moments lying Seal thee for the silent dead, Where—unpardoned

Wilt thou hide thy guilty head?

All thy sins and crimes unnumbered Will like horrid phantoms rise; And thy conscience, which has sinned, Wake to reassert its cries.

Guiltily, shrinking, While from God thy spirit flies.

Into that long, long forever, Moaning, sighing, full of woe; Tossed, yet making harbor never, Wretched, ruined, you must go: Even drifting,

While eternal billows flow!

But the lighthouse, mercy's beacon, Stream of glory sheds afar, Calvary's Christ to thee is speaking, Come and welcome, wanderer.

Trust Him, sinner, He will save you as you are.

## MAJOR COMPLIN.

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## OPEN-AIR SQUO.

Tune—God is near thee, "B.J." 69. Deep down in sin thy feet have wandered.

Far from your God your soul has strayed;

God's offered mercy you have squandered,

His tender voice you've not obeyed.

## Chorus.

Listen sinner! Listen, sinner! Don't you hear Him gently calling? Listen, sinner, there is mercy, Pardon offered full and free.

Deep down in sin you may have fallen, Into the pit of woe and shame; But God can save the heavy-laden If you will call upon His name.

Poor, weary one, your Saviour loves you.

For you He died upon the tree, For you He shed His blood, most precious.

Sinner. He tasted death for thee.

## BANDSMAN GOODCHILD.

purity of heart. While the flag waved over the company, the Cadet came forward and sang, "The Precious Blood of Jesus." The obligations taken by the recruits were similar to those taken by all Christians, excepting that tobacco was placed next to whiskey in category of evil. After taking the vows and being entreated to remain faithful, the regular meeting was proceeded with.

## CARBERRY'S RACING DAY, And How the Army Spent it.

Victory yesterday! Holy Ghost times! FOUL cried for mercy!

Reading just now about the Derby out of the English Cry, I thought I would let you know about our Derby here on the 20th, and 21st. We, too, thought it would be a good opportunity to get a shot at the devil, so we had three good, noon-day, open-air meetings opposite the hotel. There were all the sporting people in from miles around, and God helped us to pour out the Gospel truth to them. We all got blessed, in fact, one brother says he never put in such a good week. I believe some work was done for eternity. The people listened attentively, and gave us a good collection. One poor dupe of the devil got put behind the prison bars for trying to upset the meeting, and I hear he had to pay a dollar and a-half. I pray that God will save him. Praise God, there is salvation for drunks. We are expecting great times at the camp-meetings next week.

R. WILKINS, Capt.